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Daily Mirror

Welcome
Christmas
Gifts = =

(See Page 11.)

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF PORTUGAL IN THE CITY YESTERDAY.



A photograph of his Majesty King Carlos of Portugal, taken when he was a little boy.



The band of the 21st Lancers playing at Oxford-circus as the royal procession proceeded on its way to the City yesterday afternoon. It was here that the Mayor of Marylebone presented the address.



Showing the arch at the top of Bond-street and the crowd waiting to see the King and Queen pass along Oxford-street yesterday.

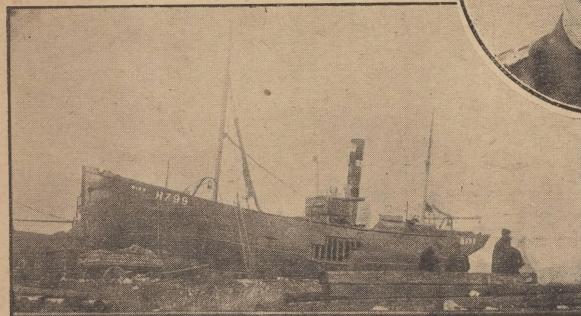
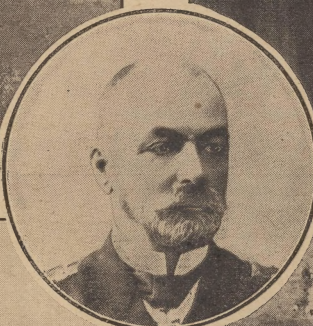
THE "HERO" OF THE BALTIC FLEET AND THE FRUITS OF HIS WORK—SCENES AT THE INQUIRY YESTERDAY.



The grave of Captain Smith, of the trawler Crane, one of the victims of the daring act of Admiral Rojestvensky's men of the Baltic Fleet.



Three of the crew of the Crane, who were wounded by Russian shells on the Dogger Bank. This photograph was taken at Hull, while the inquiry was proceeding.



The first of the above two photographs shows the steam-trawler Mino in the "slips" at Hull. She was damaged to the extent of £300 by shells from Russian guns. The second picture is of the grave of William Leggott, the third hand of the Crane, another victim of the outrage. In the centre is a portrait of Admiral Rojestvensky, whom all Russia now regards as the hero of the incident.



KING CARLOS IN THE CITY.

Triumphal Progress Through
Foggy Streets.

ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME.

Striking Speech at the Guildhall
Luncheon.

"OUR FRIEND AND ALLY."

King Carlos and Queen Amelia of Portugal were yesterday the guests of the City Fathers at the Guildhall, where many friendly foreign Monarchs have been entertained in many reigns of English history.

The progress of their Majesties from Paddington to the City centre was marked by a continuous British cheer, as all classes of the metropolis stood in the streets, braving the gloom of a November fog, to accord King Edward's guests a loyal and enthusiastic welcome.

The fog only very slightly marred the pageant. It toned down, but did not obscure, the decorations of the streets.

The royal train from Windsor was punctual to the minute at Paddington Station, where thousands turned out to see King Carlos and his Queen.

The pavements and windows all along the route were thronged. Hundreds arrived along the line of route nearly three hours before the procession was due.

His Majesty of Portugal, with his great shoulders and straightforward, though kingly, pleasure at his reception, and his Queen, quietly handsome and proud, have been taken to the hearts of the British public.

PORTUGUESE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

The first waiting crowds outside knew of his arrival was the solemn sound of the Portuguese National Anthem, which burst from the regimental band.

The station was a mass of colour. Flags and hunting, with the blue and white of Braganza predominating, flew everywhere.

Lord Lansdowne, amid a small group of grandly uniformed military men, which included Lord Methuen, was there in Court dress to welcome the royal guests.

King Carlos wore the uniform of his Oxfordshire regiment.

An address was presented by the Mayor of Paddington (Mr. Alderman W. Urquhart), who made a brief speech, referring (feelingly, it seemed, in the fog) to the situation between the "sunny lands" of Portugal and our Empire and hoping it might be strengthened.

The King thanked Paddington for being the first to welcome him to "the portals of London." Then, with his wife—who wore a magnificent suit of sables and a becoming dark touse—on his arm, he crossed the platform to the State landau, drawn by six pairs of finely caparisoned horses, with postillions, which stood waiting.

The Duke of Portland took his seat opposite to them. The Prince of Wales and Princess of Wales had gone before in one of the leading four-horsed carriages.

PROCESSION STARTS.

Slowly the procession wound its way out into the approaches of the station, where the crowd had gathered thickly, for no one had been admitted into the station precincts for some time. A Sovereign's escort of the 2nd Life Guards lent added dignity to the royal progress.

All along the route to the Guildhall the cheers were long and loud. There were no false alarms of "Here they come!" The hurrahs echoing along the road heralded them unmistakably.

Halls were made en route to receive graceful and dignified addresses from the Boroughs of Westminster, St. Marylebone, and Holborn.

The City streets were as full as any. Many offices had been closed for longer than the usual lunch hour so that all might be able to see the sight.

Presently, amid a heralding fanfare from the City Trumpeters, the King and Queen arrived at the Guildhall, where in full civic state the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London waited in the Library to receive them.

From the Library the brilliant company repaired to the Art Gallery, where a special Court of Common Council was formed, and the Recorder presented an address enclosed in a gold-casket, which the King touched only in response.

On entering the banqueting hall their Majesties, with the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Lord Mayor, and other illustrious guests, walked in procession round the spacious chamber before taking their seats at the upper table, and from over

Variable, light breezes; damp and misty; (thick fog in places; rather mild.) To-Day's

eight hundred throats of those assembled to lunch with them rose a welcoming cheer.

After the lunch the Lord Mayor briefly proposed the toast of "King and Queen Alexandra," which was drunk with great enthusiasm.

The Lord Mayor then submitted the toast of the King and Queen of Portugal, referring to the ties of sentiment and history linking the two countries.

KING CARLOS' SPEECH.

After the toast had been drunk with more than usual zest, the King of Portugal, speaking in excellent English, said, in reply: "With profound gratitude on behalf of the Queen, of myself, and of my people, I thank you for your welcome."

"When the first King of Portugal wrested his future capital from the Moors, from whose port was destined to depart that fleet to which was by God confided the mission of discovering a maritime route to India, the Crusaders of England and the warriors of Portugal fought side by side. Since then many have been the times in which soldiers of your country and those of my own have fought and vanquished together."

"But it was not only the community of dangers that has bound the Kings and the peoples of both nations in close ties of friendship, but sweeter ties also."

"In the fourteenth century England gave to Portugal the Queen Philippa of Lancaster, from whom sprang that illustrious generation of great Princes who were the precursors of the wonderful maritime and colonial movement that was to give to Portugal in the sixteenth century an unmistakable place in the history of nations."

"To England we gave Catherine of Braganza, a symbol of the greatest virtues, whose august name is written among those of the purest and holiest queens that are the pride of the English Throne."

TREATY OF YESTERDAY.

"Yesterday, like five centuries ago, a treaty between the two Crowns has been signed at Windsor, and, like five centuries ago, it is another Edward who gave his assent to the celebration of the agreement. Therefore let me express the wish that this alliance that has lasted for so many centuries may acquire a new strength from the cordiality of our feelings for the defence of our common interests and the greater glory of both nations."

"In your person, my Lord Mayor, and in the Corporation of the City of London, I greet the British people, our allies and friends, and the free, strong, and progressive nationality of glorious Great Britain."

After leaving the Guildhall the royal party drove along Queen Victoria-street, Victoria Embankment, Horse Guards Avenue, Horse Guards Parade, Constitution Hill, Hyde Park Corner, across Hyde Park to Westbourne-street, Sussex-gardens, and Spring-street, to Paddington, where they entrained for Windsor.

A great proportion of the population who had witnessed the progress of their Majesties Citywards remained to cheer them a second time as they returned westwards.

WINDSOR THEATRICALS.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Company Play
Before Kings and Queens.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra spent a very quiet time at Windsor Castle yesterday while the King and Queen were away in London. The King and Queen went over the Thames Valley when King Carlos and his consort left Windsor, and it was settling down over the grey walls of the Castle when they returned.

King Edward's knee is much better after a day's thorough rest.

The evening their Majesties the King and Queen and the King and Queen of Portugal were present at a theatrical performance of "A Man's Shadow," in the Waterloo Chamber, by Mr. Beerbohm Tree's company from His Majesty's Theatre.

Their Majesties were highly delighted with the performance, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree was congratulated on every hand.

The play, though some of the performers were naturally a little nervous, passed off without a hitch.

The performance ended, a move was made to St. George's Hall, where the royal party, in company with their visitors to the number of something over two hundred, sat down to an elaborate supper.

To-day King Carlos and the Prince of Wales shoot over Keeper Knight's beat in Windsor Great Park.

BLOWS AT A WEDDING.

Extraordinary scenes were witnessed at the usually peaceful village of Yronstone, where the groomsman, a youthful miner had just celebrated his nuptials with a prepossessing girl. Upon arriving at the mother's home the bridal party met with a hostile reception, a virulent disturbance culminating in blows.

Both husband and wife were severely maltreated, blood being shed. Ultimately both opposing parties were separated after a determined struggle, and the injured pair sought refuge elsewhere.

It appears that the miner's mother objected to her son's choice, and refused him admission to the parental home.

The Cork County Council yesterday resolved to present an address of welcome to Mr. O'Donovan Rossa on his arrival from America to-day.

Weather (Lighting-up time, 5.5 p.m. Sea passages will be smooth generally.)

ANGLO-RUSSIAN NEGOTIATIONS.

Official Expectation of an Early
Settlement.

Rumours of a hitch in the negotiations between Great Britain and Russia regarding the International Court of Inquiry have been very prevalent during the last few days.

That there has been a delay in signing the Convention cannot be doubted.

In well-informed circles, however, the belief is confidently entertained that since the Tsar's honour is involved, his Imperial Majesty's influence will suffice to bring the present negotiations to a satisfactory conclusion.

The negotiations, which obviously involve frequent communications between the two Governments, must necessarily go on for some little time longer.

Meanwhile the *Daily Mirror* is officially assured that there is no reason to doubt that an amicable arrangement will be arrived at within the next few days.

The delay in signing the Convention prejudices but little the International Investigation, since both nations are by no means ready with their respective cases.

It would seem at present that the issue on which Russia will base her case is that torpedo-boats were actually present on the night in question.

KING TO VISIT GIBRALTAR.

His Majesty Said to Contemplate a
Tour of Our Defences.

Our Portsmouth correspondent telegraphs that the King will shortly pay a visit to the Mediterranean.

It will take place shortly after Lord Charles Beresford and Rear-Admiral Lambton have taken up their commands in the Mediterranean Fleet.

It is understood that his Majesty will call at Gibraltar and Malta, and will be received by the fleet. As far as can be gathered the King will make the voyage in his yacht, embarking at Portsmouth.

AUSTRALIA FOR PREFERENCE.

Large and Enthusiastic Meeting at
Melbourne Yesterday.

There was a monster meeting in the Melbourne Town Hall yesterday, when resolutions in favour of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of preferential tariffs were carried by large majorities.

Among the speakers were Mr. Deakin, ex-Premier of the Commonwealth, and Mr. Watson, the Labour leader who succeeded him as Prime Minister.

The latter used a convincing argument for the establishment of preferential trade between Great Britain and Australia.

Whereas the exports from Great Britain to Australia had dropped from £26,000,000 to £23,000,000 within the last decade, the trade of foreign nations had risen from £5,000,000 to £11,000,000.

NEW SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS.

BLOEMFONTEIN, Tuesday.—The International Council has authorised, should satisfactory offers be forthcoming, the construction of a railway line between Kimberley and Bloemfontein, and also a line from Krugersdorp, via Ottershoop, to the vicinity of Mafeking.—Reuter.

M.P.'s SON'S ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

Captain Ropner, son of Sir Robert Ropner, M.P., was shot in the leg on a Scottish grouse moor a little over a year ago and was nursed by Miss Georgina Mackay, a professional nurse, of Castle-town, Caithness.

The officer was greatly attracted by the lady and became engaged to her. Yesterday the marriage took place in Edinburgh, before a large gathering of friends of both the bride and bridegroom.

LADY SUITOR MAKES A SCENE.

Almost immediately after the conclusion of the case of *Carless v. Whitehouse* in Mr. Justice Farwell's Court, yesterday afternoon, a barrister informed the Judge that the plaintiff, a lady, had struck a gentleman engaged in the action a violent blow in the face as he was leaving the court.

His Lordship said he must order the lady to appear before him in the morning.

BOMB OUTRAGE IN BARCELONA.

BARCELONA, Thursday.—A bomb exploded this afternoon in the Calle Fernando. Six persons were injured, one seriously. One woman will have to have an arm amputated.—Reuter.

HEROIC GARRISON.

Stoessel's Spirited Message
to the Tsar.

AMERICAN WARNING.

Outer Ports in Possession of the
Japanese.

American Consuls have before now been ahead of the war correspondents in preparing the world for important news.

The following message, received by the State Department at Washington, is therefore highly significant:—

WASHINGTON, Thursday.—Mr. Fowler, United States Consul-General at Chifu, telegraphed to-day to the State Department announcing that the situation at Port Arthur was extremely critical, the outer forts having fallen into the possession of the Japanese.—Reuter.

STOESEL TO THE TSAR.

Greetings on the Tenth Anniversary of
His Majesty's Succession.

The text of General Stoessel's dispatches, which were carried from Port Arthur in such dramatic fashion by the Rastoropy, have been made public in St. Petersburg.

They contradict the report that the brave defender of Port Arthur has lost hope, for every word proclaims his unflinching resolution and determination to hold out to the last.

The following extract from General Stoessel's dispatches is dated November 3:—

"Great Tsar, to-day, a day of solemn import for all our country, we pray to God, and with a resounding hurrah we congratulate our Tsar. We kneel and beseech God to grant good health unto your Majesty, unto their Majesties the Emperress, and unto the Grand Duke the Tsarevich."

"Our joy is the greater because all the assaults and attacks, which have lasted nine days, have been repulsed."

"On this day, this great day, the anniversary of your accession to the throne—the same day on which our enemies, the Japanese, are celebrating the anniversary of the birth of the Mikado, the day on which they had sworn to take the fortress—God is with us."

FIGHTING WITH FISTS.

Weaponless Contests Between Russian
and Jap on the Sha-ho.

All is still quiet along the Sha-ho, and nothing has yet occurred to disturb the unique trace of the water described by Reuter's special correspondent in the following message:—

MUKDEN, Thursday.—The failure of the wells along the railway line has driven both armies to use the water of the Sha-ho River. The soldiers approach to get water without arms, and it has been mutually agreed upon that they shall not be fired on.

There the noble art of war is confined in the circumstance to an occasional bout of fistfights, and considerable "swapping" of cigarettes, jack-knives, and food takes place.

In many places Russian and Japanese horses water side by side in the Sha-ho. On one occasion Japanese and Russians engaged in a fight with their fists for the possession of a certain pool.

OYAMA'S REINFORCEMENTS.

In Mukden it is believed that 30,000 Japanese have landed at Yingkow and an equal number at Pitsewo, and a turning movement by the Japanese on the Russian right flank is expected for the purpose of cutting off the Russian Army from Tieling.

SUCCESS OF JAPANESE LOAN.

The Japanese war loan of £25,000,000, recently put on the London market, was subscribed for fourteen times over. The exact amount applied for was £290,533,800. The loan was issued at 99, and bears interest at 6 per cent.

MINISTER'S ORDINATION CHALLENGED.

As a sequel to the disgraceful disturbances which have taken place recently in the Evangelical Union Church, Dalkeith, the officials yesterday applied in the Court of Session, Edinburgh, for an interdict against the Rev. Robert Brown using the church, alleging that the re-pendant had never been duly ordained as a minister.

It was also urged that Mr. Brown had let premises belonging to him in Portobello to a drinking club, and although the congregation had dismissed him, he persisted in occupying the pulpit.

Answers were ordered to be filed within five days.

TORPEDO "MYTH."

How the Fishermen Mistook Their Own Ships.

SINGULAR EVIDENCE.

Interesting evidence was heard yesterday at the third day's sitting of the Inquiry at Hull into the attack of the Russian Baltic Fleet upon the defenceless fishermen in the North Sea on October 21. The outstanding feature was the fact that some of the fishermen, for a time, mistook two of their own vessels for torpedo-boats.

The first of these strange admissions was made in regard to the mission ship Alpha.

Examined by Mr. Pickford, K.C., on behalf of the Board of Trade, two men who witnessed the firing said they saw, after the firing commenced, a vessel without lights, which looked like a torpedo-boat at first. They afterwards discovered it to be the mission-ship Alpha.

Mr. Woodhouse, representing the Russian Government, sharply questioned the witnesses upon that point, but could not get them to admit that they might really have seen a torpedo-boat, and not merely mistaken the Alpha for one. The men were positive.

The other mistake was in regard to the fishing vessel Crane, which was sunk by the Russians.

The chief engineer of the Gull said that his captain at first mistook the sinking Crane for a torpedo-boat.

Heard Shouts for Help.

The evidence given by the crew of the trawler Gull, who went to the assistance of the sinking Crane, was clear and dramatic.

Charles Lear, the mate, who was on deck during the firing, said that after the shooting ceased he heard shouts for help proceeding from the Crane. With the aid of the boatswain, chief engineer, and a deck hand, he launched their boat and pulled to the vessel.

They took off the wounded men and the two dead bodies and went back to the Gull. By that time the Crane had sunk.

Edwin Costello, the boatswain of the Gull, a breezy salt, was the man who pluckily went on board the sinking trawler and waded into the dark fore-castle to look for the third hand, who was missing.

He said he saw a dark object like a torpedo-boat and was very frightened, because he had never seen a vessel at sea without lights before. The mysterious craft proved to be the mission ship Alpha.

In describing the rescue of the crew of the Crane, the boatswain said, "When we got alongside the mate shouted out to us, 'Look sharp, lads, we are crippled and sinking.'"

Mate Sticks to His Ship.

The mate himself was badly wounded, but he lent a hand to get his injured shipmates into the boat.

He insisted on being the last to leave, although he was severely wounded and very weak. He said, "The skipper has gone, and I must be the last man to leave the ship."

Harry Smith, chief engineer of the Gull, gave similar testimony as to the rescue.

At the conclusion of the engineer's evidence, Mr. Pickford, K.C., drew the attention of the Commissioners to the evidence of these witnesses from the trawler Gull, as he thought that the men had been remarkably well in going on board a sinking vessel to look for the missing men.

Skipper Brooks, of the Robin, a big, burly man, with a deep voice, said he saw a strange vessel early next morning after the attack on the fishing fleet. She had two masts and two funnels, and looked like a merchant steamer of 1,000 tons.

Asked why he did not go closer to her, the skipper replied that he had seen all the shooting he wanted in the night attack, and had no further curiosity with regard to warships.

Son's Sad Discovery.

Joseph Alfred Smith, the fifteen-year-old son of the late captain of the Crane, told how he went on deck and asked for his father. On being told that he was last seen going off the lad went along and saw the captain's body lying on the deck.

Photographs of the trawler Oceanic were handed to the Commissioners, showing the difference in the position of her bridge aft compared with other vessels of the fishing fleet.

On behalf of the owners of the Gamecock fleet Mr. Jackson asked that the second part of the inquiry as to damages and compensation might be adjourned to London. Admiral Bridge, in reply, stated that their decision on that point would be given at ten o'clock this morning, when the court resumes.

The widows and relatives of the killed and wounded men will appear before the Commissioners this morning to give evidence in "Loss of life and limb" claims.

KING AS PRIZE-WINNER.

At the Norwich Fat Cattle Show yesterday the King, who has always been a keen agriculturist, was awarded a second prize for a red shorthorn cow and highly commended for a shorthorn steer.

EGYPTIAN DARKNESS.

Pall of Fog Again Hangs Over London.

Of November fogs London is having an uncomfortable share at present. For days people have looked out of the windows in the morning, expecting to be unable to see across the street—and their expectations have been regularly realised.

Fog having become a daily occurrence, the first clear morning will be a welcome surprise. Contrary to habit, the fog yesterday hung over the metropolis long into the afternoon, so that the sun was scarcely seen.

Artificial light was necessary in every London office, and at one time in Westminster it was only just possible to read one's watch in the street.

The crowds that thronged for the royal procession to the Guildhall, vigorously as they cheered when the King of Portugal arrived, were unusually quiet and subdued while waiting.

"Snaphotters" got few royal photographs. "I think the fog's got into their bones," said a policeman. "I've hardly ever known a crowd so quiet. I've not heard a word of chaff."

Even our coast towns suffered. Deal, Littlestone, Margate, Harwich, and Scarborough were all under a pall.

Brighton, by contrast, was brilliantly fine, and places as far removed from each other as Ramsgate, Tunbridge Wells, Newhaven, and Aberystwyth had many hours of sunshine.

FASHION AT THE RACES.

Last Smart Meeting of the Year Spoiled by Fog.

Fog marred the general enjoyment at Derby races yesterday, and this was particularly regrettable, as the meeting was the last distinguished social gathering of the flat-racing season.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire were present with a large house-party from Chatsworth. Lord Carnarvon entertained at Brethly Hall, and his horse, Santry, was established favourite for the Gold Cup, but failed, the prize being won by Mr. Joseph Davis's *Romer*.

Among those present were Lord Harrington, Lord Crewe, Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, Lord Charles Darnley, Lord and Lady Londesdale, Lord Lascelles, Lord and Lady Gosford, Lord Cholmondeley, and the Earl of Mar and Kellie.

Lord Londesdale paid one of his infrequent visits to a racecourse, being interested in the fortunes of *A Skipper*, in the Friary Nursery. But Lord Londesdale had no better luck than Sir John Thurby, who expected to score with *Barcroft*.

Lord Carnarvon won with *Dispute*, and in some measure this success balanced the defeat of Santry in the Gold Cup.

MOTOR-CARS FOR CHILDREN.

Infant Son of an Earl to Test the Law.

A miniature motor-car, capable of a speed of four miles an hour, has been designed by Mr. F. McKenzie to supply the demand of motorists five or six years old.

The car will run for fifty miles on one charge of electricity. It is perfectly safe, and is already to be seen in private parks driven by enthusiastic juveniles.

But before it makes its appearance in the streets an Act of Parliament is necessary to reduce the age limit of licensed motor-drivers.

Meanwhile, to force the hands of the Legislature, a test case is being arranged. The six-year-old son of an earl is going to drive his baby car in Hyde Park, hoping to be captured by the police.

AGE OF UNGRACIOUSNESS.

Madame Sarah Grand on Rudeness of Mon's Manners.

Has the age of chivalry really passed, or is it merely a saying? Mme. Sarah Grand thinks it has. She deplores a lowering of the standard of manners all over the world.

"In Germany the Kaiser's men-machines take the best part of the pavement from any whom they may safely elbow off; and since the war there has been a lamentable falling-off in France, that had the highest reputation for charm of manner up to the middle of the nineteenth century."

French politeness to-day, according to the same article in this month's "Boulevard," has been degraded into an article of commerce.

CREASED OVERCOATS FASHIONABLE.

We now notice that the crease, says the "Tailor and Cutter," is being applied to the overcoat, and our observations in Piccadilly lead us to believe that these will become more and more popular.

They are applied to seamless sac overcoats at the part usually occupied by the sideseam, and have a decidedly smart appearance.

GHOST OF A BRIDEGROOM.

Village Spring-heel Jack Frightens Women and Children.

Something like a reign of terror prevails amongst the women and children of St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, owing to the ghost scare which has prevailed for some days past.

The ghost keeps a respectable distance from the men and boys of the district, who are attempting to run him to earth. It is only unprotected women and children whom he alarms.

The haunted region extends from the village near the Convalescent Home to the fields running along the edge of the cliffs.

Those who have seen the ghost say that he is a tall man enveloped in white from head to foot.

Mrs. Finnis saw the unwelcome visitor near the Convalescent Home, when he frightened a young girl into a faint.

Mrs. Finnis states that she went out just after dark, and, when near the home, heard a shriek from a girl, who was evidently terror-stricken. On turning round she saw something white crawling along the ground.

Seeing the girl drop down in a faint, Mrs. Finnis pluckily went to her assistance, whereupon the ghost made off with all speed, making a rattling noise as he proceeded.

Reaching a fence, he vaulted over into the fields in a manner which suggested to Mrs. Finnis that he had springs on his heels.

Amongst the superstitious people it is suggested that the ghost is the apparition of the kidnapped bridegroom, as he has only appeared since the latter disappeared.

Last night most of the men and boys of St. Margaret's turned out with heavy sticks and bludgeons, and scoured the neighbourhood in the hopes of unearthing the mysterious and ghostlike intruder.

BOOK WORTH £5,000.

Psalter Printed in 1459 To Be Offered for Sale.

A sale of books of exceptional value and interest is to be held by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge on December 7 and three following days.

One book sure to arouse keen bidding is a *Fust and Schoeffer Psalter* of 1459, one of the earliest works of the inventors of printing. Only twelve copies of this are known to exist, and at the Siston Park sale one of them realised no less than £4,850.

Of even more importance is the family Bible of Robert Burns, which is to be sold at the same sale. On the reverse of the title of the New Testament, in the handwriting of the poet, is: "Robt. Burns was born at Alloway, in the parish of Ayr—Janry. 25th, 1759." There are also various other family details.

Last season the original manuscript of his "Cottar's Saturday Night" was purchased for £500. It is therefore a safe prediction to say that an exceptionally high price will be obtained for this book.

The original Letter Book used by Lord Nelson from September 1796 to July 1797 is also to be sold. The last letter written by Nelson to Lady Hamilton realised the record price of £4,050, so this book is likely to realise a very high price.

CREOLE WAITRESSES FOR LONDON.

Beauties from South America to Serve Strange Dainties.

A restaurant which will shortly be opened in London will be Spanish-American. In it everything will be done in the same way as it is in the sunny States of South America.

There will be cool, spacious eating-rooms, beautiful dark-eyed Creole maids wearing their national dress will minister to the wants of a hungry public, and plaintive Creole music will delight the ear.

The food, too, will be novel, but of the best and at popular prices. Many North American dishes will figure on the menu, and such purely Spanish things as *pimentas*, *guiso* served in a variety of forms, and a peculiar sort of black bread and mutton cooked in real Spanish way.

The restaurant will be a large one capable of accommodating 200 people. It will be situated in the Strand, nearly opposite the Charing Cross Hospital.

SHAKESPEARE BUST DISCOVERED.

A valuable bust of Shakespeare has been dug up in the garden of a small house in Putney, which was known until lately as "Ye Olde Tobacco Shoppe."

The bust is a fine example of old Fulham ware by John Dwight, and the finder sold it for £45, but its market value is nearly three times as much. It is nearly two hundred years old.

Plans are being prepared by the Admiralty for a motor-propelled torpedo-boat, which will probably be built on the Thames.

"MRS. MAYBRICK'S LIFE IN PRISON."

A wonderful story of a wonderful experience being told every Sunday in the

"WEEKLY DISPATCH."

PRICE ONE PENNY.

ROYAL GODFATHER.

King Will Be Sponsor to the Westminster Baby.

CRADLED IN LUXURY.

His Majesty the King, upon receiving news of the birth of the Duke of Westminster's son, immediately telegraphed his congratulations and intimated that he would act as godfather to the fortunate child.

This will be the crowning honour paid to the heir to the richest Duke in the kingdom.

Seldom has any infant started life so auspiciously as the little Earl Grosvenor. Splendidly healthy—he weighed eleven pounds at birth and is a remarkably strong baby—cradled in luxury, and surrounded by every care that love can suggest or wealth supply, he commences life with every possible prospect of happiness.

Two of the best nurses to be found, who attended the Duchess of Westminster when her little girl was born, are in attendance, one by night and the other during the day, and to secure everything necessary for the child's well-being there is a staff of under-nurses.

In a Glittering Cradle.

He sleeps in a cradle of brass, specially made for him by a London firm of brass-founders, which glitters more brilliantly than gold beneath its canopy of priceless lace and silken curtains.

Two of the most skilled physicians in the world are in attendance upon the child and his mother, and their reports were so cheering that the Duke has been able to leave London for Eaton Hall, Cheshire, assured that his wife and child were in no possible danger.

The Prince of Wales was among the earliest congratulators of the happy father, and shoals of congratulatory telegrams from all parts of the world are constantly arriving at Grosvenor House. The number of people who are calling personally to convey their congratulations is enormous.

Surely no child ever commenced life under such happy auspices as the prospective Duke of Westminster.

FORTUNES MADE IN A DAY.

Wild Excitement in Mining Lane Over the Sugar Gamble.

Mining Lane is in a ferment of excitement. Many thousands of pounds are changing hands in the great sugar gamble. The price of raw sugar has in one short month gone up 3s. 3d. a cwt.

"On October 17," said a well-known sugar broker, "we sold raw beet at 11s. 5½d. Yesterday we obtained 14s. 9d. for the same amount."

"And if you go back to the beginning of the year and take the price then you will find it has risen no less than 6s. 4½d. a cwt."

The causes are the shortage of the crop and the removal of the sugar bounties in France and Belgium. "Cornering" has naturally resulted, and those who hold large stocks are making fortunes every day. Some dealers hold as much as 30,000 tons, and the realisation of this enormous quantity would mean a clear profit of no less than £120,000.

There is consternation among confectioners as the result of this great increase in price.

A school specially built for crippled children will be opened to-day in the Hornsey-road, North London, by Mr. J. W. Benn, the chairman of the L.C.C.

£1,000 MAGIC BOX.

Lady Obtains £300 for Wrongful Arrest.

OLD MAN'S FANCIES.

The case which has come to be known as the "mystery of the great brown box" was concluded yesterday in Mr. Justice Lawrence's Court.

The great brown box belonged to a Mr. Henry Fox Wilson. When Mr. Wilson died a pavior was asked to open the box. The pavior declared that he saw in the box a thousand golden sovereigns. Miss Herbert, Mr. Wilson's housekeeper, was charged with stealing the sovereigns, and after this it was found that a great mistake had been made, and that there were no sovereigns to steal. So Miss Herbert brought an action for malicious prosecution against her accusers, Miss J. E. Wilson and Mr. Stafford H. Northcote, sister and nephew of the dead man.

But how was the golden vision of Mr. Hughes, the pavior, to be accounted for? Were they phantoms, ghost sovereigns that he saw? Or was it some wonderful hallucination?

The first witness of the day was Miss Janet Wilson, of whom Mr. Powell, K.C., had some further questions to ask. "Why did the witness charge Miss Herbert with having stolen a silver tea-pot?" counsel wished to know.

Miss Wilson replied that she knew her brother once had a tea-pot—one with flowers on it. As she spoke she looked at the box standing in front of the solicitors' table as if she thought such an awesome object might contain anything.

Mysterious Precautions.

Then Miss Wilson gave an excuse for her former belief in what the pavior had said about the sovereigns. There was a Mr. Smith, of Wakefield, who had once left her brother just that amount. Mr. Smith was an uncle by marriage.

Another reason why the witness was ready to believe in the sovereigns was the fact that her brother had always acted as if there was something very valuable in the house. He disliked to see a window open at any time, for fear that burglars might get in, and he liked to have the blinds pulled down, so that nobody might spy on the supposed treasure.

Then various police officials gave evidence. The first of them, a detective, described how he arrested Miss Herbert. On his first visit to her sister's house, whither she had gone on Mr. Wilson's death, he searched, and found nothing, and then, on the next day, he was handed some silver articles.

"Do you still believe there were 1,000 sovereigns in the box?" he was asked, and he shook his head and said, "No," with a smile of enlightenment. He had changed his mind.

The jury, after a brief consultation, found a verdict for Miss Herbert, assessing the damages at £300.

UNDESIRABLE ALIENS.

Major Evans Gordon Declares That They Should Be Expelled.

Major W. Evans Gordon, M.P., speaking at the Constitutional Club last night, emphasised the necessity of restricting alien immigration by pointing to the growing distress from want of employment in this country.

The workhouses are crowded as they have never been crowded before, he said. For the fourth week of September there were in London 7,021 more persons in receipt of relief than there were in the same week last year.

He declared that asylum should be given to no one who, by reason of bad character, bad health, or lack of visible or probable means of subsistence, was unsuitable or was likely to become a burden on the community. Those who, after admission, proved themselves unfit or unworthy should be expelled from the country.

PATTI SINGS FOR CHARITY.

Mme. Patti made a reappearance last night at Father Bernard Vaughan's concert for poor children, which was given at the Albert Hall.

A huge audience gave the famous diva an enthusiastic welcome, and louded her with bouquets, in return for which Mme. Patti sang to them their old favourites—"Angels Ever Bright and Fair," "Il Bacio," and—"Home, Sweet Home," singing them all in her own incomparable way.

A host of other talent also contributed to the programme. Sarasate played, Miss Ada Crossley and Mr. Sanley sang, whilst among some new comers Miss Joan Adams, a fine contralto, and Boris Hambourg, a gifted cellist, deserve mention.

In extension of embezzlement from his employers, Frederick Marshall, a traveller, pleaded at Bow-street yesterday that he spent the money in entertaining prospective customers. He was bound over.

JUDGE AND COUNCIL.

Sir William Grantham Decides to Build.

MR. WALTER LONG'S OPINION.

Sir William Grantham has given Chailey Rural Council notice that he intends to commence building cottages at Barcombe to-morrow, telegraphed our Leves correspondent last night.

Sir William Grantham, whose trouble with the Chailey (Sussex) Rural District Council on the subject of plans of cottages is well known, led a deputation to Mr. Walter Long, President of the Local Government Board, yesterday.

Referring to the members of Chailey Rural Council, he said they knew nothing about building. Out of the twenty members there were ten farmers, two retired tradesmen, one retired timber-merchant, and two clergymen.

Sometimes clergymen were very valuable persons on a council, sometimes they were not. (Laughter.) But they and the other members admitted that they knew nothing of the subject.

The deputation agreed with Sir William that the by-laws needed amendment.

Sir Albert Pell said birds didn't all build with the same material. (Laughter.) The swallow made his nest of mud; and an uncommonly good nest it made.

Mr. Walter Long, in reply, remarked that there was a great deal of jerry-building in the country.

Still, he was quite prepared to look into the matter of by-laws again. With regard to the officers of the local bodies, he said they often seemed to have been appointed merely because they had friends on the council.

PASSION FOR THE STAGE.

Unhappy Result of a Wife's Theatrical Ambitions.

"Stage-struckness" on the part of his wife was given yesterday in the Divorce Court by Mr. Arthur Henry Castle, of Falmouth, as the primary cause of the unhappy story that had brought him as a petitioner before Mr. Justice Barnes.

He married his wife Dolly in 1890, and they lived at Fulham. Much against his will she insisted on joining the "corps de ballet" of Drury Lane Theatre. When he said he did not like this, she was very violent to him.

He took her to live at Falmouth to try to break her of her passion for the footlights, but she was always talking of how she longed to go back to London.

Finally she went, and stayed several months. A decree nisi was granted after it had been shown that Mrs. Castle had stayed with a man not her husband, and had confessed to a detective.

DOCTOR'S HIGH FEES.

Circumstances Under Which They "Disgrace the Profession."

Judge Emden remarked at Lambeth County Court yesterday that the high fees charged by doctors in cases where the patient had a claim for damages for injuries arising from an accident was a serious disgrace to the medical profession. In the case before him Mr. John Connor, a music-hall artiste, who had recovered £20 damages for injuries to a leg, had been asked to pay £3 3s. by Dr. John Chapman, of Cold-harbour-lane, S.E., for treating the limb three times after it had partially healed.

The doctor sued Mr. Connor for this sum, but judgment went against him.

FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.

A fright which the child received on Guy Fawkes' day was shown at a Poplar inquest yesterday to have caused the death of Thomas Cassington, aged three-and-a-half years.

While the little boy was with his sister they met another boy wearing a "Pope's face," which was described as having "red, staring eyes, long black whiskers, and a protruding tongue." The child was so terrified that he never recovered from the shock.

SQUABBLING OVER ATLANTIC RATES.

The only obstacle to the settlement of the Atlantic rate war appears to be the determination of the White Star Line to charge 5s. less than the agreed rate to third-class passengers in their large but slow-travelling vessels, such as the Celtic, Cedric, and Baltic.

The Cunard Company insist upon a uniform rate, and unless the point is conceded it is feared they will independently attack the White Star Company, and thus revive a general war of rates in England and Germany.

Notice of an all-round reduction in wages in the Tyne and other north-east coast shipyards expires on Tuesday next. Unless the men consent to the reduction the masters threaten a lock-out.

SECRET OF A SHED.

Man Arrested as a Sequel to the Tackley Murder.

By reason of a woman's voluntary statement the High Wycombe police have detained a navvy on suspicion of murdering the young carpenter, Frank Allwood, whose mangled body was found two months ago hidden under a heap of straw and rubbish in a shed, at the village of Tackley, in Oxfordshire.

The woman had been arrested for drunkenness, when she gave the information that led to the navvy's arrest. One of the men for whom the police had been searching was described as a navvy.

Beside his body in the shed lay a Testament, when Frank Allwood, it will be remembered, had gone in search of work, taking £7 with him. On his remains only 10s. 6d. was found. His silver watch was also missing.

He was said to have been a well-educated youth, who often read the lessons in the church at Marston Green.

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On his neck were finger-marks, signifying the grip of a strong and heavy man. The carpenter had evidently been done to death with an iron rail found at the shed door.

FELL FROM A WINDOW.

Colonel's Daughter Meets with a Tragical Fate.

Under distressing circumstances Miss Alice Gully, the daughter of a retired colonel of the Royal Artillery, has met her death at a boarding-house in Leinster-square.

While her father was out on Monday afternoon Miss Gully fell from a third-floor window to the basement, succumbing to her injuries three hours later. Whether the tragedy was the result of accident or design the coroner's jury at St. Pancras yesterday was unable to decide.

The managers of the boarding-house stated that a momentary vision of something passing the window caused her to inquire whether Miss Gully was in her room. A chambermaid, who failed to find her there, subsequently discovered the unfortunate lady lying in the basement in her night-dress.

The jury found that there was not sufficient evidence to show how the fatal fall occurred.

MARRIED HIS NIECE.

Husband and Wife Part Twelve Years After the Wedding.

"A woman may not marry her father's sister's husband." So says the Prayer-book table of prohibitive affinities by which the English Divorce Court is bound.

Mrs. Lillian Mabel Wilde took advantage of this fact that she married her husband yesterday. She was married in 1892 to Mr. Thomas Wilde, who had previously married her aunt Alice in 1875. The first Mrs. Wilde died in 1891.

Now, after living with Mr. Wilde for twelve years as his wife, and bearing him three children, she asked for release from the illegal contract.

MAN WHO LIKES PRISON.

A man charged with theft at the South-Western Police Court, yesterday, said he wished to go back to prison again, although he only came out last September.

Mr. Plowden: You like prison, then?—Yes.

Mr. Plowden: Let me indulge you—three months' imprisonment.

The prisoner danced out of the dock, laughing.

PRESCRIBING A CIRCLE.

Addressing the Rev. John Roberts, who became involved in a heated argument in Hyde Park, and used bad language, the Marlborough-street magistrate said yesterday, "The best thing when you see a meeting in Hyde Park is to take a large circle round it—don't get drawn in."

The defendant was fined 10s. for using bad language.

WORST LAD IN SOUTH LONDON.

For an unprovoked assault upon another youth William Jones, aged seventeen, a son of the notorious "Jubilee Jones," was sentenced to six months' hard labour at Newington Sessions yesterday. The police describe him as the worst lad in South London.

"ZOO'S" POPULARITY RETURNING.

During the months of August, September, and October no fewer than 554 additions were made to the "Zoo," and the visitors during that period numbered 256,630, an increase of 7,236 on the corresponding quarter last year.

The income from this source also showed an increase of £1,229 over last year.

REVIVAL STOPS WORK.

Welshmen Pray at the Sound of the "Hooter."

MORE STRANGE SCENES.

South Wales is still in a state of religious ferment following the stir created by the young collier-evangelist, Evan Roberts.

There is, however, a curious side to this revival of religious fervour. The managers of several of the local tinplate works complain of the failure of numbers of their employes, especially young girls, to attend work in the mornings. One of the works estimates its loss at £20 a day.

Men suddenly cease work to hold prayer meetings. On Wednesday morning a "hooter" was sounded at Grovesend Tinplate Works, which the employes dropped their tools and engaged in prayer. The colliers at Cernogoch pit and the mill men at Messrs. Lewis's works did the same thing. A prayer meeting was held in the tin house of the latter establishment.

"What do I think of it?" said one of the managers yesterday. "If a man wishes to commune with his Maker he should do so in the solitude of his own bedchamber. And he has his chapels if he cares to use them. A large works is the wrong place."

"There was service in my works early this morning, and work was stopped for three-quarters of an hour. The mills were stopped, the tin-house was idle, and the output was consequently decreased. I was in bed at the time. On o'clock in the morning. This sort of thing means a serious loss, and I believe the men realise as much themselves."

PASSIVE RESISTER ON GAOL LIFE.

Complains of Prison Literature and Draws Parables from Peas.

The Rev. John Leach, a passive resister, was released yesterday morning after serving seven days' imprisonment.

He was afterwards entertained to a public breakfast, when he expressed his sense of the courtesy of the prison officials.

He was not so satisfied with the literature provided. Beyond the Bible, which was a great comfort to him, he was only supplied with a copy of a guide to Confirmation and Holy Communion, which was quite useless to him. On leaving he was informed that his behaviour had been exemplary.

At the outset of his confinement he was given a number of peas to sort. Some of them were split, which reminded him of Lord Salisbury's reference to the intolerant strain in voluntary schools. Others were rotten, these reminded him of the state of the Anglican Church.

MYSTERIOUS EPISODE.

Meeting Between Two Women and a Man Ends Dramatically.

A dramatic scene was described at North London Police Court, yesterday, when Agnes Robinson, a young widow, living at Poole's Park, Holloway, was charged with attempting to strangle herself.

At ten o'clock at night a Mr. Stevenson saw Mrs. Robinson and a man and woman talking together rather excitedly in Medina-road. Mrs. Robinson turned to the man and asked, "Does she stand before me?" He said, "She is the only girl who stands before you."

"If that is the case," Mrs. Robinson exclaimed, "here goes." She proceeded, the witness stated, to tie a handkerchief so tightly round her neck that she became unconscious.

To the magistrate ordered a remand, the young widow called out in piteous tones for her mother, asking, "What have I done?"

IMPROVED LOW-PRICED MOTOR-CAR.

One of the novelties to be exhibited at the Stanley Cycle Show to-day is a new model four-cylinder motor-car at 215 guineas. The car is shown by Messrs. Humber, Ltd., who have made a notable innovation in applying the four-cylinder principle to a small and low-priced car.

Keep the Blood Pure

And the Health of the System will follow.

THE BLOOD being the source from which our systems are built up, it is important that it should be kept pure. If you suffer from any Skin or Blood Disease, such as ECZEMA, SCROFULA, SCLERY, BAD LEGS, BLOOD POISON, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, BOILS, PIMPLES, etc., you should test the value of

CLARK'S BLOOD MIXTURE

The World-Famed Blood Purifier.
Of all Chemists. Beware of Imitations.

NEWS IN BRIEF FROM ALL PARTS.

BOHEMIAN TWINS.

Doctors to Inquire Into the Strange Freak of Nature.

In order to still the rumour that the Bohemian twins, Rosa and Josefa Blazek, were joined together by artificial means, a medical examination is to be held at the Brighton Hippodrome this afternoon.

Several prominent doctors will examine the sisters and report upon the strange freak of nature which has produced two almost entirely distinct and perfect bodies thus joined.

There is little doubt, however, that Rosa and Josefa Blazek are inseparably linked together. Photographs exist showing them as babies of two years old, while a copy of a certificate given at their birth in 1878 by Dr. August Breisky, professor of Prague University, is in the possession of Mr. Sherek, their agent.

"Every possible precaution has been taken to prevent any such fraud," said Mr. Sherek, "and from certificates and documents which I have seen I am quite convinced that the girls are a genuine freak of nature whose two bodies are inseparably joined by natural tissues."

In order to convince the medical profession and the world at large, however, we have arranged for this examination."

THE CITY.

Fog Depresses Business—Effect on Home Rails—The Anglo-Russian Hitch—Some Uneasiness.

CAPITAL COURT, Thursday Evening.—It was a most unpleasant day on the Stock Exchange to-day. Everybody looked gloomy, recent speculators were selling, there was next to no other business otherwise, and markets had a flat appearance, though before the finish there was a slight rally. The King of Portugal had something to do with it, for his City visit naturally took a certain number of people away from the "House." The fog was depressing, and clients did not exactly crowd their broker's offices. Then the story was started of an Anglo-Russian hitch in the matter of the Convention. On the whole, therefore, there were more lonely faces than laughable purses as the result of the day's transactions. There was nothing much the matter with the Bank Return, which merely showed that the Reserve was only £156,000 down. The pessimists were disappointed owing to there being no reduction in the Bank rate. The market observer, who looks at the points of markets in the same confident way that he might judge the points of a horse, says that there is nothing the matter with them, and that it would take very little to bring about a recovery. Naturally, he likes the reduction in the speculative account during the past few days. Consols touched 87½ for money, went to 88½ for the account, and closed at the worst on £580,000 leaving the Bank for South America, and causing Bank rate fears.

Railway Agreements. The more fog, the greater fear of poor Home Railway traffic. So the Home Railway market was really rather unhappily. The Hull and Barnsley amalgamation rumour took a new turn, the Lancashire and Yorkshire now being the line with which it is supposed to be coming to an agreement in the matter. It is also said that the Lancashire and Yorkshire is making certain pooling arrangements with the North-Western. Perhaps Scottish railways were the best supported of any group, and the only one whose prices showed weakness. Some of the speculative Southern stocks, like Brighton & South Coast, which were expected to be a dominating traffic handicraft of the last few days? Americans had a tumble. Not only was there political talk, but in New York they seemed to be fearing the money position. Anyway, our prices were put well below the New York equivalent. In the afternoon New York rallied the market. The Morgan group seem to be trying to market their International Mercantile Marine (their Atlantic shipping combine) shares on this side.

Grand Trunk Traffics. Canadian Rails also showed weakness, notably Grand Trunk. This was partly due to a rather bad Grand Trunk traffic, which showed \$5,076 decrease. Argentine Rails suffered with the rest, for a little speculation has been growing here, and it received a check. Here and there, too, there is a whisper of the labour situation. Mexican Rails seemed fairly well supported, and Germany was reported a buyer of Intercontinental. A good time was cheered up supporters of Nitrate & Soda. There was quite a modest amount of bidding for Uruguay Rails. The foreign bourses also seemed a little disturbed. The Anglo-Russian rumour is a sore ailment. The same rumour that was circulated here. Internationals as a whole did not suffer much, but Russians gave way slightly. Japanese weakened, and at one time the Japanese scrip was quoted 1 premium, though it closed 1 premium. Some allotments are expected out to-night. It is said, semi-officially, that the Government is here thirteen to fourteen times over. Copper shares fluctuated a good deal, but gave way on the whole. The metal, however, was rather better in tendency. There was somewhat free offering by Amsterdam of Peruvians, and nobody seemed to want Brazilians, while the Rio de Janeiro riot upset them. Anglo-American Telegraphs seem to have lost their steam for the moment, and were dullish. Other telegraph shares were decidedly in more favour. The tested group seems to find a little more favour, perhaps because Fine Spinners have rallied.

Rhodesian Wire-pulling. Kafirs see-sawed nearly all day long. At the end the speculator for the rise was at the bottom-most end of the plank. But he did not stay there. In fact, the wirepullers of the Rhodesian gamble kept Rhodesians quiet reasonably firm, and even pushed Bank shares up a little. Yet a little more, and so were Westralians, where a tumble in Northern Territories to 9s. opened a few eyes rather wide. As regards the Indian National Congress, nothing that at the Coronamand meeting the reconstruction scheme was approved. The shareholders seem to like reconstructions.

The King has sent his usual donation of £100 to the Middlesex Hospital.

There was a dangerous outbreak of fire early yesterday morning at a Borough High-street hop warehouse.

Mis Majesty's destroyer Haughty has failed at her steam trials in the North Sea through an accident to her port engine. She will prepare at Sheerness for further trials.

DEBTORS' BIBLE DISAPPEARS.

Some consternation was caused at the Southwark County Court yesterday when it was discovered that a judgment debtor had either absent-mindedly or purposely abstracted the copy of the New Testament on which debtors are sworn.

Chase was given to the debtor, but he had disappeared in the thick fog and could not be followed.

APPROPRIATE APPOINTMENT.

It is not always that municipal chairmen of committees bring intimate expert knowledge to bear on their public duties.

Alderman W. Roberts, chairman of the Liverpool Baths Committee, has been connected with bathing for the past thirty-five years, and is himself an old prize winner at swimming competitions.

MURDER NO CRIME.

According to the "Jewish World," Mr. Walter Emanuel has recently been setting the problems, before a company of lawyers, as to whether a man who has been convicted of murder, and is about to be hanged, may kill the hangman.

The answer is, Yes. This being one of the few cases of justifiable homicide, as a man may kill another if necessary to save his own life.

TRAMPS AVOID MAIDENHEAD.

Sentences recently passed by the Maidenhead magistrates on tramps refusing their task at the workhouse have had a most salutary effect on this troublesome fraternity.

The chairman of the board of guardians yesterday publicly thanked the magistrates for their action, and stated there had been a reduction of fifty applications for admission to the casual wards during the past week.

CONSCIENTIOUS CHOIRS.

A remarkable dispute has arisen in Westmorland over a portion of the programme of the forthcoming Festival to be held in the spring of 1906.

One of the principal items to be given at the second evening's concert is Dvorak's beautiful setting to "Stabat Mater," which is to be sung in the original Latin, and is a prayer to the Virgin Mary. One of the largest and best-known choirs has refused outright to sing the piece, and individual members of other choirs are also declining.

BISHOP ENTERTAINS SOCIALISTS.

For some time past the Bishop of Stepney has been applying himself closely to the working-class problems of London, in which he takes a great interest.

In pursuit of this policy he has entertained at his official address at Amen-corner several working men, including those of the Socialist wing of labour. Bishop and men have freely exchanged ideas, and both have been very favourably impressed with each other.

NEWCASTLE LABOUR BUREAU.

The Labour Bureau scheme adopted by Newcastle City Council a fortnight ago is now rapidly developing a national aspect.

The scheme itself provides for opening a register for males and females, inquiring into their character, classification of their abilities and qualifications, and ascertaining whether they want permanent or temporary employment.

Workers are required to register weekly to avoid inconvenience by work being offered to those who may have already obtained it.

THAMES SALMON.

Salmon in the Thames has been a dream of anglers for years, but hitherto the state of the lower reaches has effectually precluded the return of the fish from the sea. It is to be hoped a better fate awaits the five hundred young salmon put into the water at Romney Island, in the Windsor district, by Mr. W. H. Grenfell, one of the conservators of the river.

Mr. A. W. Shipley, the Mayor of Windsor, Dr. Hornby (the Provost), and Dr. Warre, the headmaster of Eton, were among those present at the interesting experiment.

TACTFUL PRISONER.

At Bradford it is the custom for the newly-elected mayor, after taking his seat in the police court amid mutual congratulations, to hear the first charge only, after which he surrenders the chair to the stipendiary.

It is also the practice for the mayor to treat the first offender tried during the mayoral year with marked clemency, and as this year the prisoner was only there for drunkenness the mayor smilingly ordered his discharge.

The prisoner himself rose to the occasion, and in a short speech expressed his wishes that the mayor might have a pleasant and successful year of office.

Falling down a steamer's hold at Scarborough, a sailor, aged sixty, was killed yesterday.

The report as to the marriage of Mr. H. K. Thaw to Miss Evelyn Nesbit is an entirely false one.

Colonel Sanderson, M.P., almost recovered from his illness, left town yesterday for Rostrevor, Co. Down.

On Tuesday morning, before Mr. Justice Lawrence, will be commenced the trial of Mr. E. T. Hooley and Mr. H. J. Lawson.

"Portugal Visitors" is announced to be the Rev. W. Cardle's topic on Sunday evening next at St. Mary-at-Hill, Monument.

PRESENTS TO BE RETURNED.

To sue a fickle lover for the return of presents made in happier days was described at the West Bromwich County Court as "first cousin to a breach of promise case."

John Edwin Morris sought to have Florence Harrison, a domestic servant, return a ring, a tea-service, plates, vases, pictures, and other articles incidental to the commencement of house-keeping.

Judge Roberts said if Pierpont Morgan gave a ring to a lady she would not think that unless she married him he would expect it back again, but if a carpenter gave her a dinner service he was quite open to say that it was for the purpose of setting up the home, and not merely to prove his affections.

The jury found for the plaintiff for all the articles except the ring.

PROTECTION FROM RAILWAYS.

A scheme for a two-foot gauge light railway worked electrically from Snowden to Bettws-y-Coed—a distance of thirteen miles in the loveliest part of North Wales—has been, at a sitting to hear objections, opposed by the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty, the Co-operative Holiday Association, the Alpine Club, representatives of colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and memorialists from all parts of the kingdom.

The ground taken was that the beauty of the Snowden district was so exceptional, and its attraction for a large number of visitors so great, as to deserve protection from a railway.

PAUPERS' CHRISTMAS BEER.

At board of guardians meetings all over the country the question which arouses the keenest discussion is whether or not the workhouse inmates should be allowed beer on Christmas Day.

A most commendable Dickensian Christian spirit has been shown at Stoke, where Mr. Billingsley, the police-court missionary for North Staffordshire, proposed that an allowance of beer should be made, which was warmly supported by Father Nunan and the vicar of Northwood.

Bury, on the other hand, has decided for a teetotal Christmas, although Mr. Forshaw, a guardian, offered to give thirty-six gallons.

ACCIDENT TO A. A. CHASE.

Although seriously injured, Mr. A. A. Chase is making steady progress after his accident, but will not be able to leave the Norwood Cottage Hospital for at least a week or ten days.

The accident was caused by his motor-cycle skidding in the dark on the stone steps under a water-cart hydrant, which stood 2½ in. above the level of the road.

The police have been notified of the state of the road, in view of attention being drawn to the dangerous spot where the accident happened.

LADY BOOKMAKER FINED.

Bookmaking has for long been a recognised occupation for women, and in Manchester she has received official recognition by being fined £5 and costs.

Mrs. Agnes Brodie was extremely indignant at the charge, and protested excitedly against the justice of her conviction; but the magistrate held that the evidence was quite clear and that she was well known as carrying on with her husband a regular betting business.

ALMERIA GRAPES.

The familiar white Almeria grapes, in fine condition, were much in evidence on costers' barrows yesterday.

The London trade in this product of the vineyards in that Spanish town on the Mediterranean shores is quite an old institution.

Two generations ago we find the satirist making merry over the suburban host passing off these grapes to chance guests as the choicest muscats grown in his own vineyard.

LIVERPOOL RECORDER'S WILL.

Mr. Charles Henry Hopwood, K.C., Recorder of Liverpool, M.P. for Stockport 1874-85 and Lancashire (Middleton Division) 1892-5, who died on October 14, left property of the total value of £38,629, including net personality £20,753.

BECK INQUIRY.

The Commissioners in the Adolf Beck Inquiry held their last meeting recently, and have now forwarded their report to the Home Secretary. It is expected that the report will be published in the course of the next few days.

Mr. George Gissing, the novelist, has left £1,052.

Sir Frederick Treves, Bart., will be the first president of the Society of Dorsetmen in London.

For injuries sustained while on a Manchester tramcar Mr. J. Whiteley Jones has been awarded £790.

Lord Northbrook is to be buried at Micheldever to-morrow. The family particularly request that no flowers or wreaths be sent.

HOSPITAL WINDFALL.

The Governors of the Royal Surrey County Hospital at Guildford have received from the executors of the late Mr. Arthur Ocran Crooke, a native of the town, a legacy of £2,000, part of a sum of £20,000 left by the deceased for London and Surrey hospitals.

TWO HUNTING VETERANS.

That hunting is conducive to longevity is readily admitted by those whose occupation compels them to lead sedentary rather than out-of-door lives.

It is seldom, however, that two such veterans appear at a meet as at the Belvoir, where Mr. Needham, of Grantham, who is seventy-eight years of age, is to be seen mounted on a cob aged thirty-five.

CHILDREN'S POLICE COURT.

Both Bolton and Manchester magistrates have decided to establish a children's police court on the American plan.

A room is to be set apart for hearing charges against offenders under sixteen years of age, so as to save them from the contaminating influence of the ordinary police court.

PROTECTING THE TEACHER.

Objecting to his girl having been caned, Leopold Cohen visited St. Jude's Schools, Wolverhampton, and threatened the headmaster with a stick.

The Stipendiary, holding the opinion that school masters must be protected from irate parents, has fined Cohen 20s. and costs, with a month's hard labour as an alternative.

FIXED DISTRICT RATES.

It has been discovered by the Tipton District Council that it cannot pay its way with a 3s. 1d. rate.

Sooner, however, than agree to raise the rates by 1d. it has determined to practise rigid economy. All the officials, including the roadmen, are to work reduced hours, and an heroic effort will be made to bring expenditure within the amount Tipton is prepared to pay.

BLIND WOMAN BURNED.

As a blind woman, named Mrs. Carroll, aged sixty, wife of a labourer, was preparing breakfast in her house in the Jewish colony of Glasgow, yesterday morning, her apron caught fire and the flames reached her face before she was aware of the accident.

Her screams attracted a neighbour, who extinguished the flames by throwing a blanket over her, but little hope is entertained of her recovery.

POTATO KING DEAD.

At Burscough, near Southport, at the age of sixty-three, the death is announced of Mr. James Martland, known as the "Potato King."

The son of an small farmer, he attained great prosperity in the potato trade, and became the leading grower and buyer in Jersey.

He dealt extensively all over Europe, America, and the Colonies, and had representatives in every agricultural district in the country.

AN OGDEN CANARD.

An Ogdén canard has been set flying. A new circular having been sent out by the Ogdén Bonus Association suggesting that a further offer of settlement might be made by Mr. Hood, the liquidator of Ogdén, that gentleman yesterday authorised the *Daily Mirror* to say he had no intention whatever of making any further offer either to the remaining bonus customers or to the association, or to Mr. Nathan, its ruling spirit.

WESLEY'S CHAPEL MEMORIAL.

At Wesley's Chapel, City-road, Mr. J. Bamford Slack, M.P., yesterday afternoon unveiled a memorial window to the late Rev. Hugh Price Hughes in the presence of a large congregation.

It consists of a figure of Christ taken from Leonardo Da Vinci's picture of "The Last Supper," and at the foot of the window is inscribed: "To the glory of God, and in memory of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, president of the Conference. Born 1847, died 1903."

LINCOLN'S INN.

Yesterday being Grand Day of Michaelmas Term at Lincoln's Inn, the Treasurer and Benchers entertained a number of guests at dinner.

Among them were Sir Arthur Wilson, Sir Alfred Lyall, Sir Evan Macgregor, Sir William Richmond, R.A.; Lieutenant-General Sir T. Kelly-Kenny, Sir Francis Evans, Sir Charles Turner, Major-General Douglas, Sir T. Raleigh, Mr. Justice Amerli, the Dean of Canterbury, Sir George Farrar, Mr. John Twycroft (president of the Royal College of Surgeons), the Rev. Hastings Rashdall, and Mr. Linley Sambourne, the "Punch" caricaturist.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business
Offices of the Daily Mirror are
at CARMELITE STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1904.

CAN IT BE TRUE?

A WRITER in a magazine which is widely read on both sides of the Atlantic has brought a terrible indictment against American women. As we show by quotations on another page, he denounces their growing tendency to drink more wine than is good for them. It is evident that he writes in sorrow and sincerity, and he backs up his assertion with facts which show that he is a close observer of life.

There is no doubt that in this country also girls begin to drink wine, and sometimes spirits, rather than they used to. There is no question about the custom of drinking wine or whisky at meals being more common among women than it was even twenty or thirty years ago. Among the class which sets fashions to the rest it is nowadays rare to find a woman who drinks nothing but water.

This is to be attributed in large part to the restless, excitable lives so many of us lead in these "hustling" days. We wear out our nervous systems long before the age at which our grandfathers and grandmothers became aware that they had any such systems at all. Nothing is easier than for a "nervy" person to get into the habit of taking stimulants.

They feel "down." They need a "pick-me-up," something to enable them to "get through." So they order a small bottle of champagne, or a whisky and soda, or perhaps, worst of all, some poisonous liqueur; and for the moment they feel better. The next time the same complaint attacks them they naturally fly to the same remedy. So it becomes a regular habit with them to "stimulate" their vitality half-a-dozen times a day. Before they know it they have degenerated into the worst kind of tippler. Body and soul they are for ever damned.

We may thank God from our hearts that as yet no one could bring against the women of Britain such a wholesale charge as this awful magazine article lays at the door of a large class in the United States. Yet we might easily fall into the same condemnation.

The danger is painfully real. Already there is in England an amount of drunkenness among women which must appal and dismay and shame every social observer. Only by doing everything in our power—every single one of us—to avert a disaster which would mean the total extinction of Britain as an influence for good in the world can we hope to preserve the name of English womanhood fair and unspotted by this hideous stain.

RIOTING AND RUIN.

Mr. Bernard Shaw has added his mite to the "boo-ing" controversy by talking about the liberty that is permitted to "boo-ers" to "ruin any manager of a superior theatre." With all respect, this seems to us to be rubbish.

Has Mr. Shaw ever known of a manager being ruined by a few turbulent spirits in gallery or pit? Can he point to one instance of a good play—good in any sense—having its career cut short by "boo-ing"?

It is true that the distinguished novelist, Mr. Henry James, once suffered some unparadised rudeness from a few hooligans who were too ignorant to understand what was due to him. But no one could contend that Mr. James's play would have run more than a very short while, however well it had been received.

It is only at tedious or stupid plays that the few turbulent spirits are allowed to "boo." If they tried the process on a good one, the rest of the gallery would immediately sit upon their heads. Indeed, that has happened at least once. The turbulent spirits did not feel at all happy for several days.

We do not defend "boo-ing." Far from it. But we decline to believe it has ever ruined anybody. Managers are ruined by producing bad plays, not by the impolite remarks which are made about them.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Simple diet is best. Many dishes bring many diseases.—*Pliny.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM HENRY MAY, always known as "Willy" May, to distinguish him from the other Admiral Henry May, comes into more public notice by his appointment to the command of the Channel Fleet. For the last three years he has been Controller of the Navy, and has an excellent record as an administrator. He is still a young man, as admirals go, for he is not much over fifty-five, and has not yet completed forty years' service.

A few months ago his retirement was rumoured, but that has obviously blown over now. Up to the present he has seen no war service, but he has done the next best thing, he served on the Arctic Expedition of 1875, and got badly frost-bitten and a medal. He is an expert in gunnery and has been in command of the gunnery-school at Whale Island. He has also invented improvements in the discharge of torpedoes.

The Countess of Jersey, who presides to-night at the Children's Happy Evenings Association, is a very accomplished woman. Like Lady Henry

Somerset, she is an excellent platform speaker. She speaks several languages; writes well, and is a great reader. But perhaps she likes travelling better than anything else. She has been all over the world, even to China and Japan, and once she explored Samoa with Robert Louis Stevenson as her companion.

Lady Jersey does not spend much time in London. But she has a beautiful house at Osterley Park, near London, and everybody goes there to her garden-parties in the summer. Osterley Park is famous for its art treasures. There is a Vandeyke portrait of Charles I., and china, silver, and tapestries in abundance. Let us hope that it will never be burnt down, as all such places seem to be in these days of electric lighting. Lady Jersey also entertains a good deal at Middleton Park, near Bicester, where she goes for the hunting season.

Yesterday Mr. Augustine Birrell dined with the Cobden Club, and there was merriment. There always is when he speaks. The House of Commons misses him sadly, and even his political

opponents hope that he will return to them. He has a power of amusement which belongs to himself alone. He "Birrells," as they say in the House. For a long time he charmed by his speeches before he published "Obiter Dicta," a plain, paper-covered, anonymous booklet. After that he was hailed as an author.

It is as a maker of epigrams that he shines brightest. "The landlords and the brewers complain that they are ruined," he said not long ago, "yet they have a knack of dying rich. Perhaps it is because they live poor." "The House of Lords represents nobody but themselves, and they enjoy the full confidence of their constituents," is another of his sayings which bids fair to live long.

President Roosevelt seems to be always in accidents of some sort or other. The number of times he has been thrown from his horse and more or less seriously hurt are beyond count, and some adventure or other of his is to be found in the American Press almost daily. His latest performance in that way is to be exposed to an infection of a virulent case of small-pox. He has been in daily consultation with the Bureau of Corporations, and now a Mr. Ramage, an attorney in the bureau, has been taken with a severe attack of small-pox and removed to the pest-house. It is still rather early to congratulate the President on his escape.

Another story which is going the round of America just now refers to Mr. Pierpont Morgan and a man who sells "milk-shakes" (?) and caramels on the pavement opposite the great financier's office door to the messenger boys. The other day Mr. Morgan was passing into his office. Not a glance did the biggest trader in the world give towards the smallest trader in New York as he mounted the steps. The candy merchant was equally oblivious of the other's existence.

"Say, don't you know J. Pierpont when you see him?" queried one of the boys. "Course, I know Mr. Morgan," was the answer. "But we ain't on speaking terms. Come to think of it, my stand's right 'longside of his. He ain't never introduced himself to me, though. I guess he don't care much about candy." Such is independence in business.

Last night, at the Patti concert, no less a person than Sarasate played the violin. Sarasate is only just over sixty. He is very fond of the English, and approves even of what he calls our "wholesome whisky and soda drink." He has made himself rich by his violin, and his playing has always helped him out of difficulties. Once, in South America, he was reduced to teaching voice-production, for his tour had not paid well. Sarasate did not know how to teach, so when his first pupil came he brought out his violin and played it to her. "There," he said, "sing like that."

They seem to be taking as much interest in Portugal in the visit of their King and Queen as London as we are. The "Illustrated Portuguese," the Lisbon illustrated weekly paper, is filled with English photographs. The front page is a full-page portrait of O Principe de Gales (the Prince of Wales), in naval uniform; while Windsor Castle is photographed inside and out, from the Chapel Royal to the reception rooms, and the view of the Thames near Windsor. "Lord" Balfour and the Marquis de Lansdowne also share honours with the Marquis de Soveral, the Portuguese Ambassador.

THE NEW FRENCH MINISTER FOR WAR.

By Mr. Louis Sinclair, M.P.

FEW men bear their honours more easily or gracefully than Maurice Berteaux. A man of fifty-two years, well preserved, with plenty of dark brown hair—and lately cultivating the Louis "Imperial"—he carries himself with that amount of modesty and determination which is so distinctive a mark of the real cosmopolitan.

In all he undertakes and performs, Berteaux is a man to be reckoned with. He exists to work. Nothing keeps him from it. To that I can testify.

When in London last year, at the party of French M.P.s, as a stockbroker he was naturally deeply interested in our "House." As he walked through the building he probably attracted no special attention, but he made most keen mental notes of all he saw. As an amusing incident of that day—which our French colleagues intensely enjoyed and appreciated—my memory brings me now shows to his friends with pride as the "largest copper going," a penny which some benevolent "member" or "authorised" dropped into his hat as they went through.

I am quite sure that M. Berteaux is taking with him into "office" the keenest regard and warmest feelings of friendship for the English nation, and, as an advocate for the great cause of International Arbitration his presence in the Cabinet is most welcome to all who have the best interests of humanity at heart.

For twenty-two years he has represented Versailles in the Chambre des Députés—good enough testimony. He has a charming wife, and the camps Ellysée, Paris, and the House of Commons, M. Berteaux may best be described as a real "good chap."

LOUIS SINCLAIR.

GERMANY THINKS THIS PIE LOOKS RATHER ATTRACTIVE.



Already Britain has Arbitration Treaties with France and Italy, and also, as the King has just announced, with Portugal. The United States are about to make one with us, and little Switzerland is anxious to come in too. Kaiser William must be wondering how long it will be before he is invited to taste the pie.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The New Editor of the "Standard."

MR. H. A. GWYNNE is not yet in "Who's Who," though he ought to be. For this Welshman with attractive manners, an engaging personality, and a marvellous power of organisation, has long been marked out for a high place among the notables of his time.

In whatever company he may be, Mr. Gwynne always creates an impression, and a favourable impression. He has seen much of the world and of human nature; and he knows how to deal with the ups and downs of life. Wherever he has been he has made friends.

As a war correspondent he won distinctions slowly. At first he was not reckoned of much account. It was in the Sudan that he began to be looked on as a coming man, and when he went out to the Greco-Turkish war he "came."

In South Africa he rendered Reuter's Agency the greatest possible assistance by reorganising their whole service of war news. He did not greatly shine as a writer himself, but he proved that he was a most capable manager of men.

In person he is of rather more than medium height, square built, and with a pair of keen, kindly eyes that look out of a face you feel you can trust on sight.

He has been a great sportsman in his time. Once for a bet he went all through France living on what he could earn by sport—riding races, giving bicycle lessons, and so forth.

A thoroughly good fellow, and just the man for the post. That is the verdict of his countless friends.

THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

Only Fifteen Miles From London.

THE landscape was steeped in a dazzle of sunlight. For hour after hour the sun shone steadily from a deep blue sky unstained by a particle of cloud or vapour. It was the most perfect day of Indian summer imaginable; radiant, yet serene, without a breath of wind to disturb the richly-tinted leaves that still deck each cover-side in a beauty that is bewildering!

"The sunset, soon after four o'clock, was not remarkable for colour or beauty. But a quarter of an hour later the most wonderful afterglow commenced, and continued for some time, growing more and more vivid and intense, lighting up the red oaks and the yellow elms in a marvellous way. From horizon to zenith the sky was aflame; the atmosphere quivering with the intensity of the glow."

Where do you suppose this was written? Among the Italian lakes? On the Riviera? In Cornwall, perhaps? No; it is a true record of a day's weather fifteen miles away from London on a day when London was a horror of filthy-tasting, spirit-lowering, health-destroying fog.

Candid Critic: Awfully good song that! You ought to be with Carl Rosa.

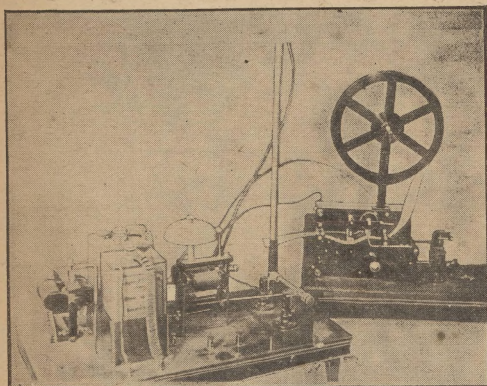
Jones (feeling rather flattered): Really, do you think so? Awfully kind of you to—er—but Carl Rosa is dead.

Candid Critic: Yes; I said you ought to be with him.—"The Tatler."



REPORTED BY CAMERA.

A MARCONI TOY FOR CHRISTMAS.



A scientific Christmas toy: This is a miniature Marconi set of wireless telegraphy instruments, one of the Christmas novelties that are being sold this year in the bazaar at one of the big West End stores. It costs 59s. 11d.

NEW HEADGEAR FOR THE THEATRE.



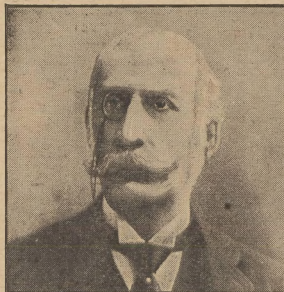
The latest theatre headgear, designed to replace the bonnet, which cuts off the view. This style of headdress is now the fashion in Paris, and it will soon be adopted in London.

THE "DAILY MIRROR" UP-TO-DATE.



There is no more up-to-date paper in the world than the *Daily Mirror*. All the latest inventions that human ingenuity has devised for the production of a daily newspaper have been adopted. Even the paper on which the *Daily Mirror* is printed is conveyed to the office in motor-lorries—the most modern means of locomotion—as seen in the above photograph.

COUNT BENCKENDORFF,



Whose recall from the Russian Embassy in London would be the only issue, it is rumoured in St. Petersburg, out of the difficulties between the Foreign Office and the Russian Government respecting the International Inquiry.

FROM ERRAND BOY TO THE MINISTRY.



The Rev. Thomas Riddell, the youthful minister of Dulwich Congregational Temple. He is eighteen years old, and began life as an errand boy.

"VICTIM" OF THE LAW.



William Hooker, of Battersea, who is now parading the streets selling pamphlets in which he describes how he has been the victim of the law.



Russian trenches near Port Arthur, captured by the Japanese. A number of their men who were killed in the engagement. See "C"

ES CAPTURED BY THE JAPS



night attack. In the retreat the Russians left behind a large soldiers are seen above lying in the trenches.—(Copyright of

News in Negatives

THE ESCAPED RUSSIAN DESTROYER.

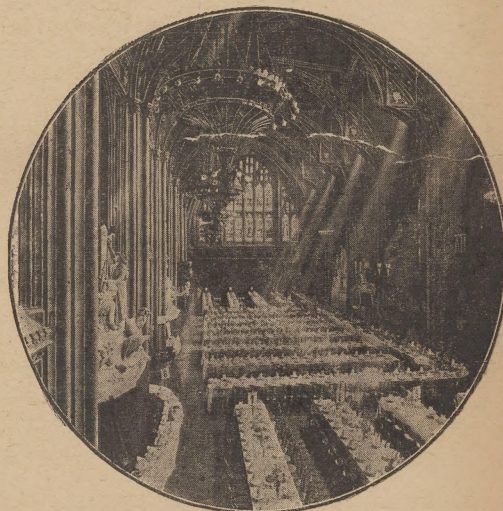


The Russian torpedo-boat destroyer Rastoropny, which escaped from Port Arthur with dispatches from General Stoessel for the Tsar. When the Rastoropny reached Chifu and was ordered to disarm the commander withdrew his crew and blew the vessel up.

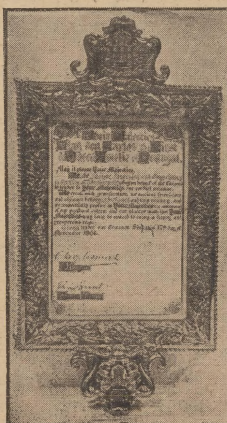
THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE CITY YESTERDAY.



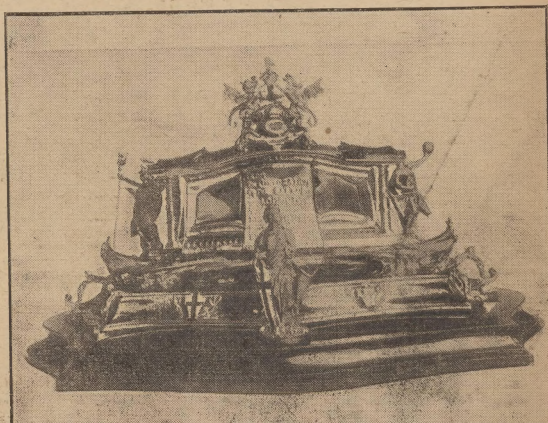
The richly-embellished cover of the menu-card at the déjeuner given at the Guildhall in honour of the visit of the King and Queen of Portugal to the City yesterday.



The interior of the Great Hall at the Guildhall, where the déjeuner to the City's royal guests was given yesterday afternoon. This photograph shows how the tables are laid out for luncheon on the occasion of a royal visit to the City.



The address of welcome of the City of Westminster presented yesterday by the Mayor, General Lord Chylesmore.



The magnificent gold casket containing the address of welcome presented by the Mayor and Corporation of the City of London to the King and Queen of Portugal at the Guildhall yesterday afternoon.

WOMEN AND WINE: AN AWFUL INDICTMENT.

American Writer Denounces the
Drinking Habits of His
Countrywomen.

There is a terrible article on drinking among women in the December "Smart Set." How it is, asks the writer in this American magazine, that, although the days of excessive drinking among men are over, the amount of intoxicating liquors consumed has doubled in America within the last few years. One reason is, he says, that "extreme indulgence" has unfortunately grown "more customary among women."

It is not so long ago that the debutante members of New York's fashionable "dancing classes," girls of eighteen and nineteen, were content with a buffet service of chicken salad, sandwiches, and lemonade.

To-day they would resent the absence of terrapin and champagne. An additional glass or two of wine is a temptation not easily resisted after a fatiguing walk.

Restaurant and hotel dining and supping are held largely responsible for the increase of drinking among women.

The glittering splendour, the dazzling lights, the gay frocks and flashing jewels, the mixture of stage and society, of bohemia and the ultra-exclusive, characteristic of our dining places of to-day—all this in itself intoxicates. Wine in excess seems but natural.

Even women who do not actually "exceed," take more than they themselves realise.

Conditions of social life were never so artificial and unwholesome as they are now.

In the seemingly trivial sound of dressing, shopping, trying on, receiving and paying, the woman at one moment finds herself physically exhausted, at another strained to the highest nervous pitch. She is entranced by the very noises of the city.

Through the day there may have been here and there a drop of cordial or cognac, but at dinner she has earned her two glasses of champagne.

And so, at night, she eagerly welcomes the wine, and feels at once its resulting restfulness and content.

It is an article that leaves a horrible impression on the mind. Yet it cannot be doubted that the author writes of what he knows.

CURIOUS AND CREEPY.

Humorist Publishes a Volume of Grim and
Forbidden Mystery Tales.

Mr. Barry Pain's new booklet, "Curiosities" (Fisher Unwin, Is.), is anything but cheerful. Nearly every story in it ends with a death. And most of the deaths are creepy.

There is a pretty little tale of a woman who had some starlings killed because their cheeping annoyed her, and who was haunted to death by them.

There is a graceful fancy about a highly respectable resident of South Kensington who strangled his wife, but managed, through the cleverness of his butler, to persuade the police that burglars had done it.

There is an exhilarating anecdote (it is really no more) of a aged bank messenger who died highly respected a day before he meant to carry out a plan of organised robbery.

Mr. Barry Pain makes you read all his tales. They are told with a grim grip on your attention that is never relaxed. But we like him much better when he makes us laugh.

A WAYWARD GENIUS.

Painter Whose Work and Life Were in
Striking Contrast.

GEORGE MORLAND. By Dr. G. C. Williamson. Bell, 25s. net.

It is just a century since the famous painter, George Morland, died. He was a strange creature—a man who put all that was best in his nature into his pictures, and all that was worst into his life.

His father treated him badly when he was young. This threw him among the wrong kind of companions. The taste for vulgar vice which he learnt from them, he never lost. He was inordinately fond of gin, for instance—used to drink it before breakfast even.

He was just as ready to fall in love with a kitchen-maid as with a duchess. He was once engaged to be married to a servant-girl, whom he described as being "upwards of six feet in height and so extremely handsome that I have felt desperately in love." He soon fell out again though, and married someone else.

Morland earned money easily, but he spent it even more quickly than he made it. He would buy quantities of clothes and when he was on the road he would order huge quantities of wine at a time and then leave it to spoil in open hamper in the open air. Yet, in spite of his low, dissolute habits, he was a great favourite with children, whom he seemed to understand and sympathise with naturally, as he did also with animals. He kept his horse's lasting affection, too, in fact, he died from the shock of his death. She was so fond of this outcast of all the domestic virtues that she could not live without him.

A LIVING PAST.

CYNICAL DRAMATIST PRODUCES A
VERY SENTIMENTAL PLAY.

We in London, even those of us who do not know the Paris theatres, have pleasant recollections of Mr. Alfred Capus's plays, "La Veine" and "Les Deux Ecoles." Now this clever writer has just had produced in Paris a new play, called "Notre Jeunesse" ("In the days of my youth").

This tells the story of a natural child. Her father's name is Lucien Briant. We see him, in the first act, talking over the escapades of youth with an old schoolfellow. He talks of the "good old days" and sighs to think they are all over and done with.

But over and done with they are not. Briant discovers this when a young lady, whom he never remembers to have seen, calls upon his old school-fellow and announces herself as Briant's daughter, recommended by her dead mother to apply to him for his protection.

What is Briant to do? He cannot let his wife know of this girl's existence. Still less can he let his grumpy, old-fashioned father, who is the senior partner in his business, know anything about her. He is completely at a loss.

A solution is found for him by his old school-fellow's sister, Madame de Rotne, who brings the wife and the "natural" child together. They soon make friends; they sympathise and embrace. As they are embracing Briant enters. He realises that all is discovered and forgiven.

So Briant overcomes his hesitations and his cowardice (for he had thought of bribing his poor child to keep away), and in a fine scene with her welcomes her to his home.

Furthermore, the affection of Madame Briant, which had been alienated from her husband by his neglect of her, is restored to him by the influence of this survival of his youth.

HOW WILL YOU HAVE IT?

American men are much more particular about the way their hair is cut than Englishmen. Consequently American barbers have more to do. They are much more artistic than English barbers.

An English hair-cutter has simply to cut long, short, or middling. He then has to point out that your hair is thin on the top and offer you a bottle of coloured water, which you refuse.

American hair-cutting is no such mechanical proceeding. There are any number of styles for the hair of men. In a Pennsylvania town you may have your hair cut in "baseball bangs," or in "football hard knots," or in "lacrosse trims," or in a hundred other sportive and individual ways.

NATION IN THE BLUES.

NOVEMBER GLOOM IN PRUSSIA "BY
ORDER OF THE EMPEROR."

Everybody was exceedingly cheerful in Prussia yesterday. Why? Because on Wednesday everybody had been obliged, by order of the Government, to be exceedingly dismal.

One day in this week of November is always set apart for dismalness in Prussia. On that one day you are supposed to brood, and meditate, and lament over your own sins and everybody else's. You are to be thoroughly wretched for one good day. That has been the rule in Prussia for hundreds of years.

No newspapers can discuss politics on that day. They must be decently gloomy, and serve up sermons to the gloomy breakfast-tables of repentant Germans. Think of an English Sunday, and then think of it twenty times worse than it is, and you may get some idea of a Prussian day of mourning.

It is like the Jew's day of repentance. It cannot be evaded. The Kaiser absolutely forces his subjects to repent. He changed the day from May to November because he found that in May people were for a holiday instead of repenting. Now he is satisfied.

A nation in the blues—that is the spectacle upon which, once a year, the Emperor, William absolutely insists.

WHOSE NAME IS IT?

Cook's Mysterious Packet of Love-Letters
Signed with a Famous Name.

Paris is excited over such a mystery as Parisians love dearly.

A few days ago a cook, in the service of an actor at the Théâtre Française, fell under suspicion of theft. A shopkeeper accused her of pilfering his goods, and a police officer was sent to search her box.

In it he found not only the articles which the shopkeeper had missed, but a packet of letters which made him open his eyes very wide indeed. They were love-letters, beautifully phrased in the most passionate language. And the name with which they were signed was—well, that is just what Paris is burning to know.

It was a well-known name, a famous name, a name which made the police let the cook go instead of locking her up in the police-station. So much is known—that and no more.

The cook is a good-looking woman and cooks very well. She is, like most Paris cooks, intelligent. The problem is, were the love-letters written to her or had she stolen them.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM OF OUR ALLIES, THE JAPANESE.

In moderate time.

Praise we now thy glo-ri-ous reign,

mp

Free from fears:

Strength and beauty may it gain.

Pand a thousand years;

So the surging tide doth heap

Countless strength

Round the rock which

p cres.

ver-dant growth.

1st 2nd

mf

dim.

Many "Daily Mirror" readers will be glad to have this and to try how it sounds on their pianos. It is taken, by permission of Metzler and Co., from a capital collection of "Songs of the East," just published, in a pretty cover, at half-a-crown net. The Russian and Chinese national anthems are included also.



DO MIRACLES HAPPEN?

It is evident that Lady Curzon believes in the effect of prayer, and therefore in miracles. She sends her thanks publicly to all who have prayed for her during her illness.

I only wish all women in high positions would set an equally pious and God-fearing example.

A THANKFUL PEESE'S WIFE,
Bedford Hotel, Brighton.

Mrs. Basil Cromwell says he would believe in miracles if he saw one performed before a body of scientists. Most certainly he would not. He would simply say it was curious and inexplicable. He would add that it would some day be explained on scientific, not supernatural, lines.

HERBERT CROFT.

May I say that I know personally of two cases in which miracles of healing of the body have taken place, and that I know of others by repute?

One case to which I refer was that of a lay preacher, who was miraculously healed, the day before he had arranged to have an operation performed, through faith in God alone.

BELIEVER IN THE GOD OF MIRACLES.

A scientist spends days, months, and years in experimenting and in verifying experiments. He leans over a table and proves things. But what does he prove? Simply that from certain physical causes follow physical results. Sometimes he gets at a very big cause, but at the first cause, the cause of all, he never gets.

He cannot explain the instincts which man has about a supernatural world by explaining the world of nature.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC.

Old Windsor.

I should like to draw attention to the results of Sir William Crookes's researches into psychical matters, which were carried out in a most thorough manner, entirely precluding the possibility of fraud or deception. Many things are recorded which may be classed as "miracles," such as the levitation of heavy tables, chairs, and other objects, in defiance of the supposedly established "law of gravitation."

I believe that this phenomena is simply the result of an intelligent manipulation of a natural force or power, which is as yet little understood.

Heaton Chapel, Lancashire.

F. BARNES.

USELESS OR NEGLECTED?

I enclose you a photograph I took of the Fort at Hillsborough, Ilfracombe. When I took it there was no danger of being arrested for "spying out the land."

"Why need England fear" when her shores are thus protected? What is the purpose of such a place?

JOHN B. NICHOLS.

Lower Hill-street, Stourbridge.

"DOCTOR BRIGHTON."

Whilst London is enveloped in fog and darkness, Brighton is being bathed in glorious sunshine. Lucky indeed are those who can run away from town at this time and revel in a second summer by the sea.

On Brighton promenade this afternoon the scene was a gay one. The sky an Italian blue, the sea a deeper blue, and the sunshine dazzling—most of the women had their sunshades up.

FLORENCE DRAFER.

Upper Westbourne Villas, Hove, Nov. 16.

MORE TOSPY-TURVINESS.

"Laugh When You Tell Sad News and
Smile When You Are Scolded."

If you call on a Japanese lady and find her out, you are given tea and entertained in the most charming way by the parlourmaid. Often her manners will be quite as attractive as those of her mistress. Therefore Japanese servants often make very good matches.

This is one of the "More Queer Things About Japan" which Mr. Sladen and Miss Norma Lorimer tell us in their volume just published. They also explain the etiquette of "take a month's notice" in Japan.

"No Japanese servant is so wanting in good breeding as to give direct notice to her mistress. When a servant wishes to leave she asks to visit a sick relative. When the date for her returning arrives a magnificently worded apology is sent saying that the relative is dead and that she cannot be spared from her home, or something of the kind.

"When a servant is rebuked or scolded she must smile like a Chinese cat. This etiquette in smiles is very misleading at first. I often used to think that Taklé, my *richsha-boy*, meant to be impertinent when he insisted on smiling when I was angry with him; but when he told me of the death of his little child with a burst of laughter, I knew that this was only one of the tit-bits of etiquette in this topsy-turvy land."

When it was announced in the bankruptcy reports that the proprietor of the "Universe" had failed, hundreds of people wrote sympathetic letters to Mr. Winston Churchill.—"Globe."

BEAUTY FOR THE WINTER SEASON—SPLENDID JEWELLERY.

FAIR FACES.

INCLEMENT WEATHER AND THE APPEARANCE.

It is in the late autumn, when the cold comes first, that the weather plays the greatest havoc with sensitive skins, and one of the first experiences of the change is chapped lips. Remedies for this trouble are many, but before using them it is well to bear in mind that precautions must be taken to guard against a recurrence of the trouble.

Rose Lip Ointment.

Biting the lips, the use of impure cosmetics, cheap tooth-pastes or soaps, wearing veils from which the colouring matter may easily be conveyed to the

the cream a deep rose colour. The mixture must then be beaten until it is smooth and cold. Just enough of this cream should be used to cover lightly the tip of the finger, and it should be applied with just enough gentle friction to cause the cream to be thoroughly absorbed by the lips.

Weak Eyes.

Many women spoil their beauty in the winter by having eyes that blink and are watery, and eyes that it would seem it is impossible to open wide. They must be treated until they are clear and pretty. To treat the eyes successfully take a basin of warm water, say a pint, and dissolve in it a teaspoonful of powdered borax. Bathe the eyes with

TWO HANDSOME THROATLETS OF A NEW TYPE.



A latest beautiful dog-collar of the latest pattern is finished in front with a butterfly carried out in diamonds. It is worn with a long necklace of pearls.

face, and, finally, moistening the lips when out of doors, may be cited as being among the best-known causes of sore and roughened lips.

Always avoid tearing or biting away of the tiny flaps of skin that decorate the surface of chilled lips, otherwise inflammation may result.

Use daily the following rose lip ointment, made by melting together four ounces of the purest olive oil, one ounce of paraffin, half an ounce of yellow wax, and a quarter of an ounce of clarified honey. When all these ingredients have been thoroughly blended one ounce of a saturated solution of boracic acid should be poured into the oils, and just enough of a carmine solution added to make



A snake wound round a graceful throat looks remarkably splendid. It is made of diamonds, and has an emerald head and tail.

the solution. Use it every night before going to bed, and keep a solution on the washstand in a bottle ready to dab upon the eyes every time the face is cleansed.

Steaming the face is a process that the dirty weather of winter makes needful. It is best done at night. Wet the face with very hot water until the skin becomes hot. Don't allow the steam to play directly upon the skin, but rather apply hot cloths until the skin is warm through. Then wash the face well, and rinse it, for rinsing is very important. Finally apply a little cold cream to the face, rubbing it into the skin. This thorough cleansing will remove all the impurities of even the foggiest day.

Cherfulness as a Tonic.

There are people who would never—or hardly ever—be out of health if they thought less about the matter, for it is possible to take too much care of the health as too little, and it is probably every bit as dangerous. Remember this as a beauty tenet, and one that is specially applicable in bad weather.

We have all heard of the "green-eyed monster," jealousy, who makes the food he feeds on. The health worrier does much the same. She broods so mournfully over some little symptom or ailment that depression of spirits results, and depression is a fruitful source of both mental and physical ills, and a sure producer of the haggard cheek, the wild eye, and the sad, drawn-down-at-the-mouth expression that ushers in middle-aged ugliness.

Too Careful People.

People who are afraid to open their windows lest a draught should give them neuralgia, who are afraid to go out if there is a little rain or a little wind, or a little cold or a little fog, because they are so delicate, infallibly become more so, and in time make themselves as sensitive as hot-house plants, which can only exist in one particular spot in an overheated conservatory.

There are, of course, certain general rules of health which everyone should understand and comply with if they wish to avoid illness and to look their best. Such are pure air in unventilated rooms, pure water, foolishly-contracted colds, eating and drinking too much, and so forth. Guard against indiscretions of this kind, but for the rest, fling into the fog to dissolve away with it all those bogies and fears of impending disease that mar so many lives.

THE "OVERSEAS MAIL."

THE BEST POSSIBLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR FRIENDS ABROAD.

One of the most acceptable Christmas presents that can be made to a friend abroad is a year's subscription to the new Overseas edition of the "Daily Mail."

The first number will be ready on November 25, and will contain all the news, both home and foreign, the principal leading articles and reviews which have appeared in the "Daily Mail" during

THE WOMANLY WOMAN.

SALIENT FEATURES OF HER CHARACTER.

It is a mistake for women to dwarf their finer feelings, either because they are afraid of being called sentimental or because they consider that worldly wisdom means roughness of manner and speech. Some women are impolite to their inferiors because they are afraid of the free-and-easy attitude which may be the outcome of more intimacy. The true gentleman is not afraid of being civil to her servants.

Women should always be sweet-voiced and tender-hearted; strength does not mean hardness of heart or roughness of voice. We lose from our lives half their magic and half their power when we scoff at the sympathies, the little self-denials, the eager wish to be of service or to give pleasure, of the truly womanly woman, whose possession all these excellent virtues are.

HER GRIEF WAS ALMOST FATAL.

Passion wastes and destroys as fire, wind, and flood do. An even temper and a slow, soft heart-beat, those are the things to pray for and to cultivate.

The passion of anger uses up an enormous amount of vital force; an absolute waste, the product, if any, invariably being evil. "The man must have an immense amount of vitality who can afford to be angry," was said by a very eminent pathologist.

But there are passions, to which we are all subjected, which the bravest and best of us cannot entirely control; and prominent among them is grief. Mrs. Elizabeth Russell, of 77, Lewes-road, Newhaven, Sussex, is but one of the millions of mothers who have experienced grief's wasting forces. Writing on the 11th May, 1900; Mrs. Russell said, "About five years ago I lost two of my sons. My health was very poor at that time, and the dreadful event completely prostrated me. I hardly dared to eat anything because of the pain and distress that were sure to follow. A heavy weight seemed to oppress my chest, and there was besides much soreness and pain in that region. I was badly constipated, and at times there would come a sharp pain in my right side, like what I should fancy the stabbing of a knife must be. Finally I became so weak and helpless that I could do nothing for myself, and had to be lifted in and out of bed."

"Though attended by doctors, both privately and in hospital, I obtained no relief whatever. In fact I despaired until one day when I read of a woman who had been cured by Mother Siegel's Syrup of a complaint exactly like mine. The account seemed so honest and true that I resolved to try that medicine, with the result that my pains soon afterwards left me, my appetite returned, and the constipation ceased. Gradually I recovered the use of my limbs, and at the end of three months was as well as I had ever been."

On the 18th of April, 1904—four years after the letter from which we have just been reading was written—Mrs. Russell writes to the editor of the permanence of her cure by Mother Siegel's Syrup. "I rejoice to inform you," says Mrs. Russell, "that I continue to enjoy very good health. When I think of all that I suffered before I tried Mother Siegel's Syrup, I feel that I can never be too grateful for the good it has done me."

We are none of us secure against the passion of grief. All in turn are afflicted by it, whether rich or poor, old or young. But that the ill effect of grief upon health can be successfully combated we have just shown.

"My Nerves are out of order"

No need to say this if Bishop's Tonules are taken

Tens of thousands of people suffer from Lassitude, Fatigue, Want of Mental and Physical Energy, Weakened Will Power, Impaired Vitality, Inability for Sustained Mental Effort, Depression, Nervous Exhaustion, Sleeplessness, and other troubles resulting from an over-taxed nervous system. Such sufferers recognise that their nerves must be put right for them to fulfil their daily duties and avoid nervous collapse, and then comes the danger of resorting to some so-called remedy or stimulant, which it is hoped will give renewed power but which really can only drive the over-jaded system on to fresh exertions without replacing the nerve tissue which has been worn away.

In Bishop's Tonules, however, an absolutely safe remedy will be found. They give complete nerve restoration by supplying the nervous system with a vital element which is lost under nervous strain. The nerves are thus rebuilt, and new power and energy follows.

Bishop's Tonules are prepared only by Alfred Bishop, Limited, Spelman Street, Mile End New Town, London, and may be obtained from any Chemist or Drug Store for 2s. 6d. per vessel containing 14 days' treatment, or direct from Alfred Bishop, Limited, for 10s. 6d. post free. Procure a supply to-day, and personally prove the truth of the statements made. We shall be pleased to give any further information on the subject if readers will write to us.

Many letters have been received, of which the originals may be seen in our office. We quote one of them from a gentleman who writes:—"Having suffered for some long time from nervous debility, loss of appetite, and severe headaches, and tried so-called remedies and cures out of number without any good results being obtained, I had almost given up hope of being cured when I heard of Bishop's Tonules. I decided I would give them a trial, took the treatment regularly, as directed in your pamphlet, and after the first trial, experienced great relief. My headaches gradually disappeared, my appetite improved, my languidness left me entirely, and now I am enjoying excellent health, every sign of my complaint being gone."

3,000 "WADDOWN" QUILTS AT 3/6 EACH.

A Winter Marvel!
A GUINEA EFFECT FOR 3/6.

THIS HANDSOME "WADDOWN" QUILT (Illustration)
They have all the appearance and warmth of REAL WOOL QUILTS, and are made of the finest quality of the most beautiful and durable material. They are reversible, having a design on each side, and are made of the finest quality of the most durable material. They are made of the finest quality of the most durable material. They are made of the finest quality of the most durable material.

2 Quilts for 5/9. 4 Quilts for 11/9. 6 Quilts for 16/9. 8 Quilts for 21/9. 10 Quilts for 26/9. 12 Quilts for 31/9. 14 Quilts for 36/9. 16 Quilts for 41/9. 18 Quilts for 46/9. 20 Quilts for 51/9. 22 Quilts for 56/9. 24 Quilts for 61/9. 26 Quilts for 66/9. 28 Quilts for 71/9. 30 Quilts for 76/9. 32 Quilts for 81/9. 34 Quilts for 86/9. 36 Quilts for 91/9. 38 Quilts for 96/9. 40 Quilts for 101/9. 42 Quilts for 106/9. 44 Quilts for 111/9. 46 Quilts for 116/9. 48 Quilts for 121/9. 50 Quilts for 126/9. 52 Quilts for 131/9. 54 Quilts for 136/9. 56 Quilts for 141/9. 58 Quilts for 146/9. 60 Quilts for 151/9. 62 Quilts for 156/9. 64 Quilts for 161/9. 66 Quilts for 166/9. 68 Quilts for 171/9. 70 Quilts for 176/9. 72 Quilts for 181/9. 74 Quilts for 186/9. 76 Quilts for 191/9. 78 Quilts for 196/9. 80 Quilts for 201/9. 82 Quilts for 206/9. 84 Quilts for 211/9. 86 Quilts for 216/9. 88 Quilts for 221/9. 90 Quilts for 226/9. 92 Quilts for 231/9. 94 Quilts for 236/9. 96 Quilts for 241/9. 98 Quilts for 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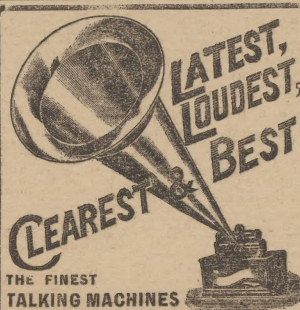
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